A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

Saturday, September 28. 1706.

I Began in my laſt to ſay ſomething relating to the preſent Proſpect of a Union in this Iſland, a Bleſſing good Men of all Opinions have long wiſh'd for; and none can oppoſe, but who at the ſame Time wiſh and endeavour the Miſery and Confuſion of both Kingdoms——But of that by it ſelf.

Methinks UNION ſhould have no Enemies, or thoſe *that are* Enemies to it, ſhould be aſham'd to own it; *Peace* is ſuch a Reſemblance of Heaven, and *Union* ſuch an immediate Expreſſion of that Bleſſed State, that none but Men hard'ned againſt their Maker, can oppoſe them; and before I come to ſpeak of them as circumſtanc'd to this or that Country, Society, or Perſon, I ſhall conſider them a little in general by Way of Diverſion.

PEACE

PEACE *and* UNION.

HAil happy Twins, of bright Immortal Race,
Emblems of Heaven, and Pilots to the Place;
Transforming Sisters, when your Praise we write,
How do our most discording Thoughts unite!
Your sympathetick Influence charms Mankind,
And as we think of Peace, it calms the Mind.
When Men or Kingdoms from your Influence flee,
They court their Plagues, and hunt for Misery;
Abandon'd Nations their own Bliss subdue,
They follow Strife, and *let their Peace pursue*;
With their own Happiness supinely fight,
And only in their Follies can unite.
In vain the beauteous Nymph entreats, in vain
She courts the Fops that study to disdain;
No Men can less of Happiness enjoy,
Than they that wilfully their own Peace destroy.

Blest *Peace*, the highest Treasure Men possess,
How happy are the Nations she will bless!
How doubly curs'd, if that can be,
And blind to his own Happiness, is He;
That courts Eternal Feuds, and loves to jar;
That sucks in Native Strife, and feeds on War;
That covets Storms, and seeks to live in Flames,
And shuns the gilded Streams;
The Gentle Calms of thy Pacifick Sea,
Where all's Delight and Harmony?

Next Her, the very Image of her Face,
Her Sister *UNION* takes her Place;
Twin-Births of *Wisdom*, She the Child of Time,
Of Genealogy Sublime:
God-like the Race, and of Inlightned Birth,
And rarely, *very rarely* found on Earth.

The

The Genial Flame from Heaven impregnate ſtands,
And all the Kinds of Happineſs commands;
No Song their Luſtre can rehearſe,
When hand in hand they gild the Univerſe:
They make the meaneſt Actions ſhine,
And *Human* Wiſdom ſeems *Divine*:

When ſtruggling with the Luſts and Pride of Men,
Peace ſtrives to bleſs a Land in vain;
But, cruſh'd with Clamour and ungovern'd Rage,
She quits th' Embarraſs'd Stage:
When War prevails, *that Frenzy of the Mind*,
That *General Lunacy* of all Mankind;
When thus the *Bloody Scenes* are drawn,
And all Reſtraints are gone;
Reaſon and *Juſtice* quit the Stage,
And Senſe it ſelf ſubmits to *Tyrant Rage*;
Her Siſter *Union* turns the happy Scale,
'Tis whom ſhe pleaſes ſhall prevail;
She only can the Strife decide,
And *byaſs Vict'ry* to the *weakeſt Side*.

UNION is Nature's ſtrong Cement,
The *Life* of *Power*, and *Soul of Government*:
Without it, all the World's a Mob;
Confuſion's Univerſal Monarch of the Globe;
Armies are *Crowds of Lunaticks* got looſe,
Whoſe Power for Want of Reaſon's out of Uſe;
Meer Hoords of *Tartars*, Wild and Rude,
Diſſolv'd in Mother Multitude.

Even Government it ſelf muſt dye,
In Wild Uncultivated Anarchy;
The Bond diſſolves, *what ſhould the Parts retain?*
When once the UNION of the whole's deſtroy'd;
The Engine's uſeleſs, all the Parts remain
Like *Native Chaos*, Vaſt and Void.
Union's the mighty Guide of Human Things,
The Bond of Nations, and the *Power of Kings*.

Crowns *without thee* ſit looſe, and Tottering ſhow,
To what ſtrange Influence *they* their Safety owe;
The High precarious gilded Trifles ſtand,
Subject to *every Tumults* Vile Command:
The Dang'rous Precipice of Diſcord lies,
The Gulph of Princes, and of Monarchies;
The Ill ſupported State of Human Power,
Deſtroys it ſelf, and *muſt it ſelf devour.*
Union once broke, the Power diſſolves of Courſe,
And Laws, and Conſtitutions loſe their Force.
CHAOS *Suceeds on either hand*,
None can Obey, and none Command;
The Fate of Government muſt ſoon appear,
Rabble will govern *here*, or Tyrants *there.*

Bright Charming Siſters, *whither are you fled*?
Where is your Bright Pavilion ſpread?
What *Halcyon* Climates cloſe your bleſt Abodes?
If 'tis with Men, *you make theſe Men like Gods*:
There be my Portion, with whate're Miſchance,
No Ills can countervail the Difference,
No Ills can reach the Mind, that PEACE ſecures,
Unmov'd, he Fortunes Storms endures;
And Fortune's Storms They *ſhall endure*, that place
In thy bleſs'd Smiles their Happineſs:
Peace, while eclips'd with Fear and Doubt,
They that have *moſt* within, have *leaſt* without.

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